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No. 2.

The Belles of Boston.

With deep vexation and reprobation,
I often think of those Boston Belles,
Whose speech, so high-toned—'tis far and wide
owned—

O'er lesser mortals throws mystic spells.
On this I ponder where'er I wander,
And grow no fonder, I ween, of these,
The belles of Boston, whose minds are lost in
The depths profound of the "ologies."

I've heard belles prating, full many a State in,
And loud debating at social club;
Though at a live rate their tongues did vibrate,
They lacked the "cultuah" that adorns the "Hub."
For the words terrific, names scientific,
And terms specific thrown out with ease,
Make the belles of Boston seem far more lost in
The depths profound of the "ologies."

I've heard belles chat on the isle, Manhattan,
And seen youths sat on with assurance cool,
By the tones half-mocking of some young blue-
stocking

On æsthetics talking, when let out of school.
Their strain pedantic and words gigantic
Would drive one frantic by slow degrees;
But the belles of Boston seem far more lost in
The depths profound of the "ologies."

There's a belle in 'Frisco that runs a risk o'
Dislocating some facial bone;
Her discourse, though drastic, is in style fantastic,
Her words bombastic and overgrown;
But this maiden vicious, of tone factitious,
Howe'er ambitious, can never sneeze
At the belles of Boston, whose minds are lost in
The depths profound of the "ologies."

N.

EVERY great writer may be at once known by
his guiding the mind far from himself to the
beauty which is not of his creation and the
knowledge which is past his finding out.

Ruskin.

The Immateriality of the Human Soul.

I.

The Christian philosopher in our century is
confronted by the strange spectacle of a race
of beings striving to divest themselves of all
their nobler attributes, and to minimize their
own importance in the plan of creation. Sys-
tems of philosophy, as various as the minds of
men, have been invented in support of wild
speculations and fantastic theories. Our age is
essentially an age of intellectual activity and
unrest, but not in the better meaning of these
terms. Men strive constantly and earnestly,
but their work is a mere barren iconoclasm—it
is pulling down the great structures of the past
for the melancholy pleasure of sitting upon their
ruins.

It is fashionable, of late years, to consider
this spirit of inquietude as a sign of our mental
health, and as a fair indication of the progress
we have certainly made in material arts. But
if this activity tends to make us all more miser-
able, if it leaves us, as its ultimate outcome,
dissatisfaction with this world and despair of a
better, is it not too dearly bought? Shall we
sacrifice all that soothes and consoles us here
that we may toil through the quagmires to
which a dubious philosophy leads us? Yet this
is evidently the tendency of the schools of
Modern Thought; and it is to the attitude of
one of these schools towards our present thesis
that we shall now direct our attention.

The cardinal principle advocated by Mate-
rialists is that matter, of itself, suffices to account
for all the phenomena usually ascribed to the
action of the spirit-world. They assert the
eternity of matter and its evolution by succes-
sive stages, from inorganic substances through

plants and animals until it finds its culminating point in man. Thought, they say, is a secretion of the brain. Friendship, devotion to Faith and Fatherland, all our nobler and ennobling affections, are the result of molecules of matter acting upon one another in some mysterious way. The relative position of these particles of matter determines our will by some unintelligible process. When these conditions fail, when Death has claimed the body, the principle of thought and of voluntary action is destroyed simultaneously.

It is not our purpose here to pretend to disregard the importance of this school of philosophers, or to dismiss them with the gratuitous assertion that their theories are "harmless on account of their very absurdity." The fact is that their system may not be without a grim satisfaction of its own. There may be, although we doubt it, a certain sense of comfort for un-Christian men in the confidence that whatever of good or evil can befall them must come to them in this life; that since the world is steeped in ignorance and superstition, whatever advantage this condition affords them is rightfully theirs. Moreover, it is not difficult to imagine how men who have torn themselves loose from the traditions of their race should embrace a doctrine which, though it vanishes before the light of philosophical truth, is, nevertheless, suggested by much that we see around us.

Against Materialism we formulate the following proposition, which we shall endeavor to prove by reason alone: *Besides the material nature which man has in common with other animals, there is in him an immaterial substance, the principle of thought and voluntary action.*

II.

In studying our nature, the first thought that occurs to us is that each of us has always been himself. We know we are the same persons now that we were several years ago. We feel older, perhaps, and instinctively more complete. We remember that we are the identical persons who, as boys, used to throw stones at birds, and cry when we were left in the dark. Now, scientists tell us that every particle of our body has been replaced by other particles since that time, and that not a single atom of our old physical organism remains to us. How, then, shall we explain this consciousness of continuous personal identity? If matter itself be the principle of thought, how does it happen that we remember actions performed long years ago, when our body was composed of entirely different atoms? What account shall we give

of this unless, as a friend at our elbow suggests, we imagine the old atoms welcoming the new ones and then sitting down with lighted pipes to gossip about the achievements of ancient molecules and the prospects of the new-comers? If we reject the grotesque tradition implied in this fanciful illustration, there is nothing left to explain a fact of which we cannot otherwise dispose.

Besides, if man is entirely material, and if the matter of which he is composed is wholly renewed—every eight years, let us say—why should the materialist tolerate imprisonment for life? The culprit is all matter; the matter of which he was made up when the crime was committed is all dissipated and it is no longer a human entity at all. It is manifest injustice to punish the wretch who happens to fall heir to his name and relations. Then, too—for these inferences are all corollaries of the denial of man's spiritual nature—we ought not to regret the past evil we have done; nor should we ever feel gratification of conscience, for we—that is our present bodies—had no part in these actions, and, consequently, can have no share in the merit or demerit attaching to them.

But in a contest such as this is, one can afford to be aggressive. Let us, therefore, examine the theory of materialism with respect to man's powers or faculties, and see whether it is at all possible that matter should be the principle of all human actions. From constant observation men have learnt and registered many of the properties of matter. They have noticed that matter, according to its dimensions, occupies a definite portion of space and that no two atoms of matter can occupy the same space simultaneously. It has never been noticed that lifeless matter had the power of self-motion; it has been observed that even living bodies have power to move only till the vital spark has spent its force; that after death these bodies descend to the lowest level of matter, and it is therefore logically concluded that these refined organic forms are merely temporary receptacles for a superior substance, and that matter is inert and passive. Moreover, owing to the law of gravitation, all the matter with which we are acquainted has weight, and, owing to the action of the sun's rays, all material substances have color. Now, the question resolves itself into this form: Is thought—evanescent and intangible as we know it to be—of the same nature essentially as the material substances which surround us on all sides? And, to use a still more conclusive argument, can a pure act of the will be at all reconciled with the ideas of matter held by the most

"advanced" positivists of our day? Surely no earnest man will admit that whatever thoughts he may have are mere secretions of a blundering, senseless organ, and that whatever resolutions he may have formed are the result of certain ungovernable collocations of material atoms.

Let us confine our attention for a moment to a particular phase of mental activity. We have the power of perceiving and reasoning about God, intelligence, virtue, honesty, goodness, possibility and eternity—ideas that are utterly immaterial. Moreover, we ascribe to these objects certain properties which are altogether spiritual and distinct from matter. Now, operations such as these cannot depend upon a bodily organ, for bodily organs have to do only with impressions that have been made upon them, and these impressions must be, in a certain sense, concrete and dependent upon material conditions. Since, then, we perform operations that are entirely beyond the reach of matter, there must be within us an immaterial element, for no operation can be higher or more perfect than the principle from which it proceeds.

The *manner* in which material things are perceived by us brings our immaterial nature into still greater prominence. For the mind considers objects not only as they actually exist, with all the circumstances that make these objects singular and determinate and that gives them a certain individuality. By a mental act we can remove from an object all characters of place, time and concrete existence, and we can consider its essence apart from these characters. In other words, we have the power of generalization. From the idea of a particular book which we see upon the table, for instance, we can rise to the idea of "book" in general; and although the book upon the table may be large and black, still when we rise to the abstract notion of "book" all accidental properties, as size and color, are disregarded, and only those essential qualities are considered, which can be referred to all books that actually exist or may be produced. Now, this mental process which we have just been examining shows very plainly that our intelligence is independent of our material body, because a faculty that is not independent cannot free itself in its operations from the conditions to which the body itself is subject. A faculty that is thus dependent must reproduce impressions more or less perfectly, according to the health of the organ through which it receives these impressions.

A consideration of the intellectual faculty in man naturally suggests the will and leads us

to the argument which, above all others, satisfies the honest seeker after truth—an appeal to his own nature. Not to the nature which he himself may have made, not to a "second nature" formed by habit, interest or desire, but to a certain dominating principle with which every man is born, and which, if it be not vitiated or misguided, is almost infallible in distinguishing truth from error. It was a wise saying of the Platonists, and it is an axiom with us, that whatever receives its greatest delight from immaterial goods cannot be itself dependent upon matter. In nature there is a constant attraction among like objects, and a constant repulsion among things that are unlike. Now, there can be no doubt in the mind of any person who has attained ordinary cultivation that material or sensual pleasures, such as eating and drinking, are immeasurably inferior to the delights which for lack of a better name we will style "intellectual." Ecstasy is a term too exalted to express mere animal gratification; it is used properly only when it refers to the delights arising from the contemplation of the Deity and from the pursuit of virtue or knowledge. Under the influence of pleasures such as these the mind expands and finds its fullest enjoyment. It becomes nobler and clearer and more powerful, and if it has received proper training there is no truth in the natural order which the mind cannot discover, no problem which it cannot solve.

Our power of knowing is far greater than our power of analysis. We believe what appeals to our nature with a swifter and a firmer faith than is accorded any proposition which the intellect can demonstrate. At any rate, in proofs such as the one just stated there is generally a subtle force for which the syllogism offers no adequate expression. It is, as the "Imitation" says, "Truth teaching without the noise of words." It brings us, however, to another argument, which while it can scarcely be more logical is certainly less literary. It is thus briefly stated. No force can rule over a body on which it is dependent. The fact that it is dependent proves it to be only an instrument, and therefore in all its operations the force will be governed by the body. Now, we know that the human will does lord it over the body; that it often chooses what is disagreeable to the body, and that it can reduce the body to abject servitude. It is therefore a superior force independent of material or bodily conditions.

III.

It is a curious fact that an age that is remarkable for the excessive credulity that supports

spiritism should be remarkable also for the excessive incredulity that rejects all spirit. On one hand, there is a goodly number who profess to hold easy converse with spiritual bodies; on the other, behold a party of men, with just as much human nature as the spiritists have, proclaiming that a belief in the supernatural is "a creed outworn" and unworthy of the attention of any thinking mind. It has been said that all extremes meet; and there can be little doubt that these two contradictory systems will eventually give place to the authoritative voice which alone can allot to matter and spirit their proper places. Materialism is only an exaggerated expression of the mental activity of our time; it is merely an episode in the development of human thought.

There is a very remarkable fact in the history of the last two centuries which shows how deeply imbedded religious feeling is in man. The fact is this, that whenever a great mind has been loosed from the moorings of religion forthwith it begins to assert the utter worthlessness of life and to deny man's spiritual nature and the freedom of his will. That some men, owing to a highly-strung, artistic temperament, should fail at times to see the worth of life is easily imagined. But that any man in a normal condition should deny the freedom of his will is a freak of the mind which we cannot pretend to understand. The world has always been a unit on this point, and it is because man has always been accounted a moral, responsible being that laws are made and punishments inflicted. We laugh at the old pagan idea of a blind, unswerving fate enveloping all mankind and even Jupiter himself; yet modern materialism advocates the same dark fatalism without that trust in the supernatural that was instinctive in the Roman. There is, indeed, this difference between our position and that of the ancients, that while the Romans were led to their belief through their ignorance of the spirit-world, modern thought pretends to have reached a like result through a more thorough knowledge of the material order. C.

Life and Rocks.

Year by year the study of rock making becomes more interesting to our scientists, and the ideas which it implies grow more familiar to an ever-increasing multitude of readers.

We have, indeed, witnessed within the last few years a marvellous awakening of interest in the minds of the public generally to questions

of science; and as geology is the youngest of all sciences, and perhaps one of the most interesting, it has attracted its share of the public attention, and bids fair to rival older sciences in the number of its supporters.

Some of the most remarkable truths taught by Pythagoras were about geology, then called physical geography. He noticed that sea-shells were sometimes to be found far inland embedded in solid ground in a way that showed they were not brought there by man. Therefore he argued that to bury sea-shells in the rocks the sea must once have been there. We have now passed over more than two thousand years since the time of Pythagoras, and it has been proven within that time that he had argued correctly, the sea having much to do with the formation of rocks of both inorganic and organic origin.

Knowledge and inquiry are advancing with such rapid strides at the present day that ignorance of the formations of the globe and the origin of its material cannot continue long. It would certainly be impossible for men to enter the earth for any distance, as they do in mines, etc., and not notice the way in which the different strata, or layers of rocks, are arranged in the earth's crust, nor without becoming aware of the fossil shells, plants and bones of animals which are buried there. However, many theories were advanced by as many different scientists to account for these formations and the presence of fossils, and these theories were even believed by a large number of people; but they have all been refuted as observation has become more general and searching.

Geology to-day is a well-established science; and by a system of observations, made in the interest of that science, it has been ascertained that a large part of the crust of our globe is of organic origin; it has been estimated that two-thirds of our existing continents are composed of fossiliferous rocks which are often several thousand feet in thickness. Frequently beds, or layers of rock, many feet in thickness, appear to be made up almost entirely of the remains of animals or plants; indeed, whole mountains, hundreds and even thousands of feet high, are essentially composed of organic matter.

Both animals and plants have done much geological work by contributing material for the making of rocks. All our coal beds, nearly all the limestones of the globe, and some silicious beds, besides portions of rocks of other kinds, have been derived from the stony relics of living species. By far the greater part of organic remains are of marine origin, for the

reason that (1) the accumulation of material making beds of rock has been done mostly by the sea; (2) the species which have the most stony matter in their structure are nearly all marine; (3) animal remains which are in water are soon covered by a deposit of clay or sand through the action of the currents and waves; (4) the water and this kind of burial prevent complete decay.

The powers of organic creation in modifying the form and structure of these parts of the earth's crust, where new rock formations are in progress, are shown to good advantage in the labors of the coral animals.

The zoöphytes are the principal coral animals; but the calcareous masses, usually called coral reefs, are not exclusively their work; a great variety of shells, and among them some of the largest and heaviest of known species, contribute to enlarge the mass. Large beds of oysters, muscles, shells of echini and broken fragments of crustaceous animals are to be found on many coral reefs.

Corals are not injured by mere breaking, any more than is vegetation by the clipping of a branch, but will continue to grow as long as they remain firm in their base. On account of this remarkable property they are often called the flower animals.

Coral animals cannot live at a very great depth in the ocean, one hundred feet being the limit, neither can they grow out of water; but as many coral reefs are found to extend downward many fathoms into the sea, the mass must gradually sink as the animals grow.

In the production of solid limestone out of shells and corals, the action of the ocean's waves and currents are necessary; unaided they could make only an open mass full of large holes, and not a solid rock. But through the breaking and wearing action of the waves the open mass is broken in or filled up with calcareous sand produced by the pulverization of shells.

Coral reefs may be converted into islands by fragments being thrown up by the waves until the ridge becomes so high as to be exposed to the heat of the sun which penetrates it and in time splits it in many places. In this way large blocks of coral are placed at the disposal of the waves which pile them upon the reef, thus forming an island upon which all animals may live with man at their head.

Among the other limestone producing animals we find the crinoids, whose remains form no inconsiderable amount of the limestone formations. Extensive beds of crinoidal limestone are to be found in Indiana.

Again we have the shells of mollusks and rhizopods, the latter of which are so abundant that they have been very important in limestone making. The extensive cliffs of chalk in England and France are made mainly of this material.

But perhaps the most striking evidence of how powerful an agency the minutest of all beings are able to exert upon our globe we find in the microscopic animals called the infusoria. These animals are not discernible but by most powerful microscopes, and it requires 1,000,000,000 of them to form a mass so large as a grain of sand. But, small as they are, the skeletons of these animals have been found in a fossil state, and constitute nearly the whole mass of soils and rocks several feet in thickness and extending over areas of many acres. The calcareous masses above considered constitute some of the most extensive of the groups of rocks which can be demonstrated to be now in progress.

Under the head of "Silicious material of organic origin," we find the large rock-formations derived from the microscopic plants called diatoms. Large beds of rock, upwards of forty feet in depth, have been found to be composed of these minute plants, and recently a bed three hundred feet in depth and extending over a large area has been discovered in Virginia. It has also been ascertained that the diatoms composing it were marine—a fact which shows that this country was once the bed of an ocean. Thus we see how these investigations enable the geologist to explain the causes of different rock formations, and the past condition of our country.

Silicious material has also been derived, to a considerable extent, from the microscopic specules of sponges and from shells of marine rhizopods called radiolarians. Vertebrate animals have contributed but little calcareous material to the rocks compared with lower tribes of animals, yet they have been an important source of phosphate salts. From vegetative life is derived the large formations of peat, the many varieties of coal, graphite, resins, the asphalts, and the mineral oils.

The generation of peat, when not completely under water, is confined to most situations where the temperature is low and where vegetables may decompose without putrifying. There is a vast extent of surface in Europe covered with peat, which in Ireland is said to extend over a tenth of the whole island. Peat mosses have a high antiseptic property, preserving animal substances buried in them for periods of many years.

The great coal-beds of the world originated mainly during the carboniferous age, at which time the continents were low and marshy, and the atmosphere contained a greater amount of moisture than at the present day. The coal measures of the United States are very extensive, there being a workable portion alone of 120,000 square miles. Graphite is a pure carbon. It is extensively mined both in this country and in Europe.

The different rock formations which I have mentioned above are still in progress, some to a greater, others to a less extent than in past ages. The life of animals and plants enables them to form material which after death aids in the formation of the earth's crust, modifying and perfecting it.

The study of organic rock-formation is indeed interesting, and is a great help to the geologist in determining the history of our globe.

J. H. MACKEY.

Fredericksburg—Dec. 13, 1862.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

"The Irishman never fights so well as when he has an Irishman for his comrade. An Irishman going into the field in this cause has this as the strongest impulse and the richest reward: that his conduct in the field will reflect honor on the old land he will see no more. He therefore wishes that if he falls it will be into the arms of one of the same nativity, that all may hear that he died in a manner worthy of the cause in which he fell, and the country which gave him birth."

—GEN. T. F. MEAGHER.

God send us peace, and keep the wars away;
But should they come, God send us men and steel!
The land is dead that dare not face the day
When foreign danger threatens the commonweal.

Defenders strong are they that homes defend;
From ready arms the spoiler keeps afar.
Well blest the country that has sons to lend
From trades of peace to learn the trade of war.

Thrice blest the nation that has every son
A soldier, ready for the warning sound;
Who marches homeward when the fight is done,
To swing the hammer and to till the ground.

Call back that morning, with its lurid light,
When through our land the awful war-bell tolled;
When lips were mute, and women's faces white
As the pale cloud that out from Sumter rolled.

Call back that morn: an instant all were dumb,
As if the shot had struck the Nation's life;
Then cleared the smoke, and rolled the calling drum,
And men streamed in to meet the coming strife.

They closed the ledger and they stilled the loom,
The plow left rusting in the prairie farm;
They saw but "Union" in the gathering gloom;
The tearless women helped the men to arm.

Brigades from towns—each village sent its band:
German and Irish—every race and faith;

There was no question then of native land,
But—love the flag and follow it to death.

No need to tell their tale: through every age
The splendid story shall be sung and said;
But let me draw one picture from the page—
For words of song embalm the hero dead.

The smooth hill is bare, and the cannon are planted,
Like Gorgon fates shading its terrible brow;
The word has been passed that the stormers are wanted,
And Burnside's battalions are mustering now.
The armies stand by to behold the dread meeting;
The work must be done by a desperate few;
The black-mouthed guns on the height give them greeting
From gun-mouth to plain, every grass blade in view.
Strong earthworks are there, and the rifles behind them
Are Georgia militia—an Irish Brigade—
Their caps have green badges, as if to remind them
Of all the brave record their country has made.
The stormers go forward—the Federals cheer them;
They breast the smooth hillside—the black mouths
are dumb;

The riflemen lie in the works as they near them,
And cover the stormers as upward they come.
Was ever a death march so grand and so solemn?
At last, the dark summit with flame is enlined;
The great guns belch forth on the sacrificed column,
That reels from the height, leaving hundreds behind,
The armies are hushed—there is no cause for cheering:
The fall of brave men to brave men is a pain.
Again come the stormers! and as they are nearing
The flame-sheeted rifle-lines, reel back again.
And so till full noon come the Federal masses;
Flung back from the height, as the cliff flings a wave;
Brigade on brigade to the death-test still passes,
And braves the alternative—flight or the grave.

Then comes a brief lull, and the smoke-pall is lifted,
The green of the hillside no longer is seen;
The dead soldiers lie as the sea-weed is drifted;
The earthworks still held by the badges of green.
Have they quailed? is the word. No: again they are
forming!

Again comes a column to death and defeat.
What is it in these who shall now do the storming
That makes every Georgian there spring to his feet?

"O God! what a pity!" they cry in their cover,
As rifles are readied and bayonets made tight,
"Tis Meagher and his fellows! their caps have green
clover;
"Tis Greek to Greek now for the rest of the fight!"
Twelve hundred the column, their rent flag before them,
With Meagher at their head, they have dashed at the
hill.

Their foemen are proud of the country that bore them,
But, Irish in love, they are Georgians still.
Out rings the fierce word, "Let them have it!" the rifles
Are emptied point-blank in the hearts of the foe.
It is green against green, but a principle stifles
The Irishman's love in the Southerner's blow.
The column has reeled, but it is not defeated;
In front of the guns they reform and attack;
Six times they have done it, and six times retreated;
Twelve hundred they came, and two hundred go back.
Two hundred go back with a chivalrous story;
The wild day is closed in the night's solemn shroud;
A thousand lie dead, but their death was a glory,
The green badges weep—but on both sides are proud.

Bright honor be theirs who for honor were fearless,
 Who charged for their flag to the grim cannon's mouth;
 And honor to them who were true, though not tearless,—
 Who bravely that day kept the cause of the South.
 The quarrel is done—God avert such another!
 The lesson it brought we should evermore heed;
 Who loveth the flag is a man and a brother,
 No matter what birth or what race or what creed.

A Book About a School.

"Tom Brown's School Days," by Thomas Hughes, was designed to give an insight into school life at Rugby. The town of Rugby stands on the banks of the Avon, in Warwickshire. It is about eighty miles from London. The grammar school is one of the most famous in England.

The great ambition of an English school-boy is to go to one of the public schools. Generally to Eton or Rugby or Harrow. This was Tom Brown's ambition. He attended a private school, but could not get along well there. He was always in trouble; so he begged his father, Squire Brown, to send him to a public school. He is sent to Rugby, arriving only six weeks before the end of the half or, as we call it at Notre Dame, the session. Here he is taken in charge by Harry or "Scud" East. East had come to Rugby at the beginning of the half, and was familiar with the place. His aunt, who lived near the Browns', sent him word that Tom was going to Rugby, and asked East to introduce him to school life. At first, Tom was inclined to resent East's patronizing manner, but they soon became fast friends.

The first day Tom is at Rugby he distinguishes himself in a great match game of foot-ball, very nearly having some bones broken. Tom is tossed in a blanket and that night goes to bed to meditate upon his first day's experience in a public school. Tom plays at "Hare and Hounds," showing himself to be a good runner, thus gaining the admiration of many of his school-fellows.

Tom makes the acquaintance of several boys with whom he is continually getting into trouble. He and his companions stand up for their rights against a number of bullies, and finally gain their point after several fights. Tom is that kind of a boy with whom it is an even chance whether he will turn out a good or a bad man.

Doctor Arnold, the head master, seeing this, resolves to place his pupil under the special care of some trustworthy person. The next year, after the summer vacation, a weak, delicate boy of timid, retiring disposition is chummed with Tom. His name is George Arthur. He does not make friends very quickly, and is so retiring

that Tom finds it hard to bear at first. Arthur gets over his timidity, though, and makes friends with Martin, who is known as the madman, because he is always having birds or animals in his room and making chemical experiments.

The first night that Arthur went to the dormitory he fell on his knees to say his prayers—a thing never known before. One of the bullies of the room shied a slipper at him. Tom had just taken off his boot and threw it straight at the bully's head. They came very near to having a fight, but the præpostor came into the room and the small boys had to go to bed. That night Tom thought over his past life, of his promise to his mother to pray regularly every night and morning. At first, indeed, he did say his prayers, but not in public. He used to creep out of bed after the lights were put out and say his prayers then; but gradually he forgot to pray at all. The next morning he followed Arthur's example and got down on his knees to say his prayers. The others sneered at him at first, but soon followed his example.

Tom has a fight in defending Arthur from the attack of a larger boy who wanted to thrash him for construing more than forty lines of Greek. Arthur is taken to the sick-room with a fever, and is so sick that his life is despaired of. Tom cannot bear the thought of parting with his friend and takes the matter much to heart. A grand sermon, delivered by the Doctor at the funeral of one of the boys dispels his grief to some degree. Arthur gets better, and by his good example makes Tom a really good boy.

The book ends with Tom's visit to the tomb of Dr. Arnold. Tom was on a fishing trip in Scotland when the news of the Doctor's death reached him. He immediately left his amusements and his companions and went to Rugby as fast as he could travel. There, at the grave of the man to whom he was indebted for his past success and his future career, for the bringing out of all the good qualities in his character, Tom renewed the good resolutions that he had made years before to lead an honest and upright life.

Tom Brown is every inch a boy, joining in all boyish sports and playing all kinds of boyish pranks. He has a good heart and means to do right. The story contains many good and useful lessons. The style is clear, direct and forcible. It is, above all, a boy's book and the kind of a story; which while it is very interesting, has nothing harmful in it. A boy after reading "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby," cannot help but take the lessons contained therein to heart and be better and nobler for it.

ERNEST DU BRUL.

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Notre Dame, September 13, 1890.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTY-FOURTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:
choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—The scholastic year '90-'91 opened on Tuesday last with the brightest prospects. The attendance at the inauguration of classes was unusually large, and every day since has contributed to swell the number, giving the assurance that the coming year will be one of the most successful in the history of the University. Many new improvements were introduced during the vacation, and the students find every provision made for their physical comfort with increased facilities for mental progress.

—Some of our friends still continue to locate us at South Bend instead of Notre Dame. Now, we do not live at South Bend; and furthermore, the genial and accomplished postmaster of that enterprising city would be very grateful if the delightful issue could be effected that mail matter intended for Notre Dame be simply addressed thereto. Besides, Notre Dame is a big place. One can find it on the map—the big map of Indiana. It has its own post office, railway station (M. C. R.R.), numerous buildings, etc.—quite a little town, in fact. So our readers will understand that while we desire to prevent undue annoyance to the efficient postal agents, we are actuated also by a pardonable local pride in requesting that all correspondence and other mail matter intended for us and the University be addressed simply—Notre Dame, Ind.

—The illness of Very Rev. Father General Sorin during the past week has been a cause of deep concern to all at Notre Dame. The venerable Superior returned on the 27th ult., from a three weeks' sojourn at Watertown, Wis., greatly improved in health; but since the beginning of the week a slight relapse has been experienced which, however, we have reason to hope will be speedily checked. He is naturally possessed of an iron constitution which for half a century has withstood the physical trials and mental anxieties attendant upon the foundation and supervision of a world-famed institution of learning and the government of a great religious community. We may be assured that the wishes and prayers of his spiritual children and countless friends everywhere will be realized, and that for many years to come Heaven will continue to bless the venerable Founder of Notre Dame with health and strength to continue his noble work.

Good Manners.

It is a shame and disgrace to any American, whether of high or low degree, if he be not a gentleman. For, indeed, it is a man's own virtue, integrity, beneficence and fair demeanor which make him a gentleman, and no possible amount of goods and chattels. We would have it understood and preached with apostolic fervor to this gold-grubbing age that man is the true gold, and culture the only riches. Things foreign to manhood and real life have had so much legislation, so much thought and care bestowed upon them that they have come to be regarded as greater than man himself; so that the amount of consideration given to any person and the estimate formed of him depend upon his possessions. Let us try to restore the balance of justice in the world by standing each of us on his own manhood, and, insisting upon its rights, never bow before the Golden Calf. Recognize genius, talent, learning, and emulate all good deeds.

These injunctions fused and at last centralized in the mind are the materials out of which gentility will be born. But let it be understood that we do not war against wealth, which may be a great good both to the individual and the state; we merely insist that the human soul is greater than it, and desire to see wealth very subordinate, in a moral sense, to man. But this will never be the case until we have an educated people, and a wiser adjustment of the claims of capital and labor. Let each one see to it, therefore, that he remains no longer in ignorance.

Let him build himself up with high and noble thoughts and adorn himself with all generous sentiments. Let us have a new chivalry instituted—a new order of intellectual and moral knighthood, whose members shall emulate each other in nobleness and manliness of character; abhorring all meanness, subserviency, trickery, fraud, fawning, and speak right out—with words that shall be swords—the truth that is in us.

The courtesies of life, and all that relates to good and kind manners, need not be neglected by such a fraternity—nor indeed would be—for these are the flowers of character; and the higher the man is, the sweeter will be his behavior. Habitual rudeness mostly betokens a coarse and ugly mind. It is the manner of savages and brutal boors, who know no other, and it is always repulsive. Even if a generous nature lie beneath it, and we are aware of the fact, and are ready to make allowances for its uncultivated condition, still we cannot quite forgive it, because it does violence to our feelings—our sense of harmony and propriety. There is selfishness in it, a disregard for the happiness of others, and a carefulness only to rid itself of us and its own bile. It cannot pass twice through the portals of any drawing-room or parlor, however humble; for people do not willingly entertain savages. Neither can it do any good thing. It is bad in all its influences. Nor need a man be boisterous to be rude; for rudeness has many manifestations and is often as much shown in silence as in noise and passion. Not to reply to a respectful and pertinent question—to pay no heed when one is spoken to—is rudeness. So likewise is it to answer with a leering countenance, or in a rough tone of voice. All jostling of persons, practical jokes, insisting upon preference in matters of place—all loud talking, disrespectful words, nick-names, laughter at personal peculiarities and deformities, bad language, and whatever else is evil in the category, are manifestations of rudeness—often of something worse, as having a deeper seat in the moral nature. And, as *Hamlet* said to the players, "I pray you avoid it!"

But you may have the heart of a courtier under courtier's manners; that is to say, sycophancy and all kinds of baseness. The practised eye, however, readily discovers this mask, and rates the man at his dues. Good manners are not the less good for all that, and are never to be put aside. We shall always find cheats and semblances in the world: persons who assume to be good and are good for nothing. But this must not alter our faith in the indestructible nature of goodness, nor teach us to make light

of good manners, which are its legitimate showings.

If we respect ourselves we shall respect others and yield to them all rightful courtesies, that we in our turn may receive the like from them. And, even if they make us no return, it is our duty to act by them according to our light and knowledge; for duty is the highest law. It matters little, in the spiritual sense, whether we receive change for our heavenly coin or not; let us be sure that we, at least, issue no counters that are not intrinsic gold, the ring whereof shall turn the very air to music. Whoso renders evil for good is himself the heaviest loser.

Society could not get on without these mutual courtesies which mark the ways of civilized life, and are peculiar to it. It has taken many long centuries to bring us in to this condition—to secure for us those peaceable institutions which make kindness, urbanity, and decorum possible.

And this fine bearing, this beautiful demeanor, which makes life so pleasant and poetic, is more or less within the reach of everyone. All can be kind and gentle, forbearing, not hasty to provoke, charitable of failings, in honor preferring one another, in love helping one another; for these are the attributes of good manners.

B.

Phases of Human Nature.

There are strange people in this strange world of ours. There are men whom one meets in business circles, on the railroad trains, the street cars, on the avenue, in the ball-room, in the crowded assemblages of students,—everyone with whom one associates, transacts business, and passes by; and so far from understanding them, one finds oneself utterly bewildered in trying to assign plausible motives for their strange behavior. The men who pretend to make a study of human nature have a few terse rules which, sensibly or otherwise, they regard as a fixed ratio, and with which they attempt to reduce every phase of human conduct, and to which, in their near-sighted obstinacy, they require every action to conform. They square the circle of cause and effect, and reduce absurdities to rational consequences as deftly as the school-boy, with the aid of a ruler, draws a straight line. To me, such men are empirics and as fit subjects for speculation and study as the great mass of humanity which they affect to understand and interpret; for I know that there are multitudes of men whom they do not, cannot understand, and multitudes of actions whose

real motive is as far removed from the cause which they assign as is the atom from the boundless infinite. I am well aware there are men of limited capacity, whose minds are narrowed down to a few controlling ideas, beyond whose sensible attraction they never attempt to pass; and these men will, in the course of a few casual conversations, furnish you with sufficient data to construct for yourself the whole orbit of their thoughts. They are good-natured, cheerful men, as a rule, and perhaps proficient and even talented in their own particular vocation; but through lack of habits of intellectual training, they have become poor conversationalists, and an accomplished critic will worm from them the extent of their mental calibre ere they are aware of his design. In such cases the judge of human nature has no onerous task; but when he meets with men who will tell him the very opposite of what they believe in order to laugh at his credulity, when he meets with men who insist that the sequence is the cause, and after relating the circumstances with all its variations for the tenth or twentieth time, and becoming convinced of their error suddenly turn round and take the opposite side, insisting that they were advocating it all the time, he is morally certain, in his own mind, to agree with me that he knows nothing of human nature. And again, when he sees men dressed in the garb of clowns whose wisdom, he feels certain, would adorn the halls of legislation, and men in the costume of princes who would not make respectable clowns, he must become convinced that one little mind cannot trace the devious path of even an ordinary career, nor fathom the subtleties of a trivial action.

We meet men every day who are constantly doing the most unaccountable things, and perhaps doing them as quietly as if they were quite commonplace. They will purposely tread on your toes for the sake of making an apology; and while you are suffering the torture, they will smile in your face and excuse themselves as blandly and as politely as if it were the most unpremeditated accident imaginable. They will lead you down a long lane of dubious conversation, and at last strangle you with a *pun* which they had reserved from the first to accomplish that very purpose. They will sacrifice the most interesting conversation for the sake of a witicism. They are as alert as a spider, and spread their webs for some human fly with far more tact than judgment; and having secured a victim, they will impale him on the point of a merciless joke without the most distant regard to his delicate sensibility. With such men

conversation is a desperate measure which nothing but dire necessity can justify. An hour's conversation with such a man is more exhausting than a week's sickness; and, as a witty author remarks, weakens one more than ten days' fasting would do. There are others who are constantly striving to say sharp things, but they never succeed. Their jokes are always old, or else they ruin the point by omitting the climax. To this class belongs the consummate bore, who is always annoying you with stale conundrums and anecdotes at the moment when you have some duty to perform which requires all your attention, and cannot be delayed. This is more insufferable than the former—a man may forgive being slaughtered by the point of a fine pun, but he can never reconcile his conscience to suffer being hacked to death by rusty old saws. There is still another class with whom you may not converse without suffering for your timidity: I mean those restless, flighty men who are as much an exception to every known rule as is a Chinaman. They will rattle you over the cobble-stone pavement of great questions like a four-horse omnibus running away, and keep up such a continued din that you have opportunity neither to think nor reply. The figures in the kaleidoscope are not more susceptible of change than are their thoughts. They are constantly saying brilliant things, but they are utterly incapable of utilization; for, though brilliant figures in themselves, they are seldom the garb of any particular idea. The gorgeous scenery of the spectacular drama is resorted to in order to disguise the real insignificance of the play itself. They will discharge whole broadsides of birdshot at you from every conceivable direction, leaving you no possibility of escape, and defeating you in the most inglorious manner. After an hour's unnatural torture with such a flighty companion, a talk with a dull, good-natured fellow is a positive relief. There are numberless other phases of human nature, which we can never understand, try as we may—in-dividual motives and idiosyncracies which no species of generalization can ever reduce to a system. We must meet strange people every day, and we cannot escape them; so the only question that remains for us to answer is, shall we laugh to scorn their weaknesses and follies, and thus keep our minds in a constant state of turmoil and excitement over matters which we can in no way improve, or call to our aid the boundless, beautiful spirit of Christian charity, which casts its kindly mantle alike over the peculiarities, foibles and weaknesses of all mankind?

Personal.

—James B. Fitzpatrick, '56, is engaged in a successful business in Detroit, Mich.

—Mr. J. P. Walsh, of Springfield, Ill., made a pleasant visit to Notre Dame last week.

—Charles Cavaroc, '86, of Chicago, was a welcome visitor to the College during the week.

—Among the distinguished visitors at the College lately was Mr. Richard Owicz, of Collegeville, Minn.

—Mr. W. Richardson, the gentlemanly agent of the *New Record* (Indianapolis), visited the University during the week.

—Rev. J. J. French, C. S. C., Rector of the Seminary, has returned from the Western States where he spent a few weeks among friends and relatives.

—A very welcome visitor to the College during the vacation was the Rev. Walter H. Hill, S. J., the author of the well-known English Manual of Philosophy.

—Rev. N. J. Warlen, C. S. C., formerly Prof. of German Literature in the University, is now stationed at New Orleans, La., where he is Vice-President of St. Isidore's College.

—Among the welcome visitors during the vacation were the Revs. Al. Bosche, S. J., of Marquette College, Milwaukee, and F. Weinman, S. J., of St. Ignatius' College, Chicago.

—Mr. J. T. Boland, C. S. C., formerly Director of Studies in the University of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis., has been appointed Vice-rector of Holy Cross Seminary, Notre Dame.

—Joseph McKernan, '68, of Indianapolis, Ind., was a delegate to the Convention of the Catholic Knights of America, which met in South Bend last week. He profited by the opportunity to visit his *Alma Mater*, where he was cordially greeted by many old friends.

—William Dechant, '79, paid a pleasant visit to the University during the week, entering his nephew in the Junior department. Mr. Dechant is one of the leading lawyers of Lebanon, Ohio, and meeting with the success so well merited by his ability and genial disposition.

—Mr. E. P. Wright, Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Co., assigned to Notre Dame, during the commencement exercises, Mr. John Byrne, an efficient and gentlemanly operator from Toledo, Ohio. Mr. Byrne made many friends during his stay, and his service was highly appreciated.

—Maurice F. Egan, LL. D., the distinguished *littérateur* and Professor of English literature at Notre Dame University, has in press a manual of English literature specially designed for academies and colleges. He is also engaged on a larger work of similar character, which he hopes to have ready for publication at no distant date. We know of no one who could execute the task better than Dr. Egan; and

Catholic educators are to be congratulated on having so able a master give them a work that they have so long needed.—*Colorado Catholic*.

—Prof. A. F. Zahm, A. M., M. E., Professor of Mechanical Engineering at Notre Dame University, has devoted several years to the study of aeronautics, and is a recognized authority on the subject of aerial navigation. He has devised many ingenious contrivances to illustrate the flight of birds, and has, stowed away in his workshop, any number of flying machines of every description. We trust the Professor will soon give us a practical flying-machine, as the world has been waiting for it patiently ever since the time of the ill-starred Daedalus and Icarus.—*Colorado Catholic*.

—Rev. W. O'Ryan, of Denver, Colo., passed a few days at the College during the week, visiting his cousin, Rev. T. Maher, C. S. C. Father O'Ryan is connected with the Cathedral at Denver, and is one of the editors of the *Colorado Catholic* which holds a leading position among the brightest and best-conducted Catholic journals in the country. The reverend gentleman had made many friends during his stay at Notre Dame a little more than a year ago, and his visit again was a source of great pleasure to them. We hope he will find time to repeat his visits.

Obituary.

—Many an old student will be pained to learn of the death of Edward Riopelle, '74. The sad event occurred in Chicago on the 26th ult. May he rest in peace!

—The many friends of Mr. Joseph T. Homan, '69, of Cincinnati, deeply sympathize with him in his recent great bereavement through the death of his wife and child, which occurred suddenly on the 29th ult.

—The venerable father of Dr. J. Berteling, '80, the attending physician of the University, died at his residence in Cincinnati on the 8th inst. His edifying death was the happy crown of a truly Christian life. May he rest in peace!

—George Darr, '68, of Cincinnati, Ohio, died recently in California, whither he had gone in search of health. During his college days the deceased was a general favorite with his professors and fellow-students. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to his relatives; but they have an inexpressible consolation in his truly Christian death. May he rest in peace!

—Alonzo Meagher, a member of the Junior class of '88, died at his home, Mankato, Minn., on the 23d ult. He was very popular with his fellow-students while at college, where he gave evidence of the many gifts of mind and heart that held out bright promises for the future. All at Notre Dame extend their heartfelt sympathy to the afflicted relatives. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

- 'Rah for '91!
- Now for work!
- And still they come!
- Roll of Honor next week.
- Subscribe for the SCHOLASTIC.
- Classes were opened on Tuesday.
- The study-halls have been beautified and refitted during the vacation.
- Classes in the University were recommenced Tuesday afternoon, September 9.
- On dit* that the Abbé Maguire will be present at the opening of the *Palais d'Industrie*.
- Rev. Father Zahm arrived yesterday (Friday) afternoon with the Colorado contingent.
- LOST—An umbrella with initials of owner, L. J. H. Finder will please leave it at the office.
- The attendance is larger than at the corresponding time of last year. And still they come!
- Societies will be organized during the coming week. The secretaries should send in their reports early.
- Prof. E. M. Gallagher has returned from his vacation in the East, and reports himself much improved by his trip.
- Cement walks have been laid between Sorin Hall and the church, and along the west side of the Infirmary building.
- The many friends of Prof. Neal Ewing will be glad to learn that he has returned to the College where he will continue his duties as professor.
- The Juniors are delighted with their chief Prefect. Bro. Urban has had much experience as a prefect, and there is every prospect of a happy year in Carroll Hall.
- The Library will be open for consultation and reading from 8 a. m. to 12 m. and from 1 to 5 p. m. Those wishing to draw books should call between 9.30 and 10 a. m.
- A local fisherman has designed a new apparatus by which he can cast bait into the middle of the lake. Like most other experiments of its kind, however, it all ends in smoke.
- The new "Manual Labor School" is now completely under roof, and will be ready for occupation in a few days. It will be one of the best-equipped, most beautiful schools of its kind in the country.
- The latest of the many improvements recently made at the Novitiate are the beautiful new cement walks in the front and rear of the building, which greatly improve the appearance of the premises.
- A beautiful cement walk is to be laid in front of Holy Cross Seminary. This will still further enhance the attractiveness of that delightful spot, and supply at the same time "a long-felt want."
- It is announced on good authority that the

prospects for an excellent "Varsity nine" have never been better. Nearly all the old members will return, and the organization will be strengthened by many new recruits.

—The entrance to Sorin Hall has been beautified by the addition of magnificent stone steps and by many other incidental improvements. It is also expected that a new addition to the building will shortly be made.

—Five new electric clocks were received during the week and placed in position in various buildings. There will be no excuse now for one who is not "on time." A full description of these clocks will be given in a future number.

—Among the notable improvements that have been made recently is the trimming of trees around St. Joseph's Lake. The banks of the lake have also been carefully raked and cleaned, thus affording a view even more beautiful than before.

—The new Institute of Technology is rapidly approaching completion, and will soon be supplied with all the appliances of civil, mechanical and electrical engineering. This department promises to become the pet feature of the Institution.

—Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C., returned on Tuesday last from a two months' vacation in the East. Father Kirsch was a leading and interested attendant at the Summer School of Biology on Long Island. He brought with him many valuable specimens.

—That neat little box under the telephone in the office is the SCHOLASTIC box. You may deposit therein nice contributions that you would like to see in print—such as essays, poems, local and personal items, and things like that; but—do not mistake it for a mail box.

—Bro. Leander and Prof. M. F. Egan have returned from their annual inspection of the Lake Superior mining regions. The Hay Fever Convention was held at the usual time and place, and adjourned after an election of officers and the adoption of the customary resolutions.

—The electric crescent and crown around the statue of Our Lady on the dome burn brightly every evening, greeting the students as they arrive amid the darkness of the night, and assuring all of the continued protection of the *Sedes Sapientiae* over the inmates of this home of learning and religion.

—A rambling "old student," who spent a few days at the College during vacation, avers that he has located the author of the poem "Stroke" in a Wisconsin town. This eminent production has caused much commotion among the critics who will, no doubt, be glad to know that the gifted author has at last been treed.

—We have broken the record and present a SCHOLASTIC with the opening week of the college year. We hope it will be found acceptable and widely circulated among the students. If your neighbor has no copy, tell him to run up

to the office and get one, and keep up the same good practice during the whole year.

—The hackneyed phrases "Seniors' study-hall" and "Juniors' study-hall" have given place to the more classic appellations "Brownson Hall" and "Carroll Hall," respectively. This phraseology is in better keeping with the dignity of the solemn Senior and with the aristocratic self-consciousness of certain gay Juniors. It is also a fitting offset to the condescension that marked the "Sorin Hall" men of late years.

—We learn with regret that Prof. F. J. Liscombe, Mus. Dr., was seriously injured while alighting from a cable-car in Chicago recently. For some time it was feared that the accident would cause the loss of his eyes; but we have since learned that his wounds are not so severe. It is earnestly hoped that Prof. Liscombe will soon be entirely recovered from his accident, and that he may be able to resume his classes speedily.

—LOST—An umbrella! The finder will confer a favor by leaving it at this office.—N. B. It rarely happens, we believe, that an umbrella is advertised for. As a rule, such articles, when missing, are given up as hopelessly irrecoverable. But we have some confidence left in human nature, and we hope, that the present possessor of our umbrella will have public spirit enough to show that there may be an exception even to such a long-established rule.

—One of the events of last week was the visit of the Catholic Knights of America who held their annual State Convention in South Bend on the 3d inst. The delegates inspected the many points of interest in and around Notre Dame, and expressed their surprise and pleasure at all they saw. Rev. President Walsh and the Faculty entertained them at supper in the Seniors' dining-room where a bountiful repast was spread. The delegates departed in the evening, well pleased with the manner in which they had been received, and impressed with the many educational advantages possessed by Notre Dame.

—Signor Gregori has just completed a life-size portrait of Mrs. Clement Studebaker and grandchild of South Bend. The painting is a remarkable one, and depicts with a striking realism that terrible incident in the burning of the Studebaker mansion about a year ago, when, at the risk of her life, Mrs. Studebaker rescued her grandchild from the flames. The portraits of mother and child are life-like and natural, the expression of the one showing anxiety and terror, and the other a filial confidence, as the infant clings to the neck and robe of the mother, who, with head half-turned, and face uplifted as if fearing the fall of timbers, is hastening through flame and smoke down the burning staircase. The artist has made the painting the grandest effort of his life, the variety of coloring showing forth all the varying phases of the scene. Much

time was expended on the fiery element which is painted with its concomitants of flame, sparks and smoke with a reality so effective that it must needs be seen to be appreciated. Signor Gregori intends to paint in the burning carpet the date of the memorable event—October 9, 1889,—and the picture will be ready for framing.

—The Indianapolis *New Record* gives a detailed report of the proceedings of the C. K. of A. which met in South Bend on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. It describes the visit of the delegates to Notre Dame as follows:

"At 2 o'clock p. m. the Uniformed Ranks and other societies formed in the following order:

Platoon of Police.

St. Hedwige's Band.

Logansport Commandry, John R. Fox, commanding.

Garrett City Commandry, Peter Meise, commanding.

Fort Wayne Commandry, Fred Graffe, commanding.

Knights of St. Casimir, South Bend, Captain Rozewski, commanding.

St. Stanislaus' Band.

South Bend Commandry, F. J. Singler, commanding.

St. John's Benevolent Society and St. Stanislaus' Society.

Delegates in hacks and band wagons.

"When all were in line the procession moved through the principal streets of the city, and thence to Notre Dame University. Many of the visitors had never seen this institution of learning before, and were, consequently, agreeably surprised at the many magnificent sights. Father Campion took much pleasure in showing the many places of interest, and while in the Music Hall he spoke interestingly of his early school days thirty years ago in this institution. The height of the visitors' surprise was reached when they visited the Notre Dame church, with its many costly and elegant paintings, rich stained-glass windows, and beautiful altars. Under the main altar are placed the relics of St. Agnes and other saints. Immediately in the rear of the main altar is an altar brought from Europe by Father Sorin on his last trip across the water. The altar is made entirely of wood richly gilt and is an artistic piece of workmanship. It is said to be four hundred years old.

"While Father Campion was busy showing one crowd around, Professor Edwards, of the University, was engaged in a similar duty; while some of the Brothers made themselves useful in the same capacity. St. Mary's Academy was visited, and her beauties admired by all. At six o'clock a banquet was spread in the dining room of Notre Dame. About 300 of the Knights and visitors took seats at the tables, and after walking around the large grounds and buildings they were prepared to do ample justice to the many good things before them. About 7 o'clock hacks, buggies and other carriages were driven to the door, and the visitors returned to South Bend. The curtain of night had been drawn e'er they left the Collège. The darkness was the cause of still another beautiful sight. The statue of the Immaculate Conception upon the Dome of Notre Dame had been lighted by electricity, and with majestically outspread hands threw splendor on the whole surrounding country. Many eyes were upon this lovely sight till the hills had hidden it from view."

—Rt. Rev. Mgr. Seton, D. D., with characteristic generosity, made a rich and valuable addition, during the vacation, to the Lemonnier Library and Bishops' Memorial Hall. Among the collection were the following: Imitation of Christ used by Mother Seton. The book is enriched with notes in the handwriting of the venerated Foundress of the Sisters of Charity. Silver spoon bearing the Seton crest and initial, brought from New York to Baltimore and Em-

mittsburg, and used there by Mother Seton and members of her family in their illness to take medicine. The little cross scratched in the bowl of the spoon was done by Rebecca Seton, that the thought of her Divine Lord's Passion might sweeten the repulsive drugs; large pen-drawn picture of Neptune and Robert Seton, made by Rt. Rev. Bishop Bruté, beautifully framed in oak and silver bronze; water-color painting of Seton coat-of-arms made for Monsignor Seton by General Scammon; lot of photographs of students of the Propaganda and the Roman colleges; photographs of Dr. Brownson and Father Hecker; box of books of historic interest; lot of family relics and souvenirs from various parts of Europe.

The Faculty of the University of
Notre Dame, 1890-'91.

Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C., President, Ecclesiastical History; Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C., Vice-President, Physical Sciences, and Curator of the Museum; Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., Director of Studies, Latin Language and Literature; Rev. Martin J. Regan, C. S. C., Prefect of Discipline; Rev. Daniel J. Spillard, C. S. C., Evidences of Christianity; Rev. John A. O'Connell, C. S. C., English Essays; Rev. Nicholas J. Stoffel, C. S. C., Greek Language and Literature; Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C., Natural Sciences, and Assistant Curator of the Museum; Rev. Stanislaus Fitte, C. S. C., Philosophy; Rev. James French, C. S. C., English; Rev. Michael Mohun, C. S. C., Latin and Greek Classics; Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., Rhetoric; Arthur J. Stace, A. M., C. E., Civil Engineering; James F. Edwards, A. M., LL. B., History, and Librarian; William Hoynes, A. M., LL. D., Law; Albert F. Zahm, A. M., M. E., Mechanical Engineering; John G. Ewing, A. M., M. S., History, and Lecturer on Political Economy; Martin J. McCue, M. S., Astronomy and Mathematics; Maurice F. Egan, A. M., LL. D., English Literature; John B. Berteling, M. D., Anatomy and Physiology; Neal H. Ewing, Latin; Walter C. Lyman, Elocution.

ASSISTANT PROFESSORS.

Rev. Joseph Kirsch, C. S. C., Natural Sciences; Rev. William Connor, C. S. C., Latin; Mr. Edward Murphy, C. S. C., English and Mathematics; Mr. J. de Groot, C. S. C., German; Mr. J. Reuter, C. S. C., German; Bro. Marcellinus, C. S. C., Book-Keeping; Bro. Alexander, C. S. C., Mathematics; Bro. Philip Neri, C. S. C., Penmanship and German; Bro. Celestine, C. S. C., Telegraphy; Bro. Severin, C. S. C., German; Bro. Andrew, C. S. C., French; Michael O'Dea, M. S., Telegraphy; B. M. Gallagher, A. B., English Mathematics; Thomas Flood, Phonography and Type-Writing.

TEACHERS IN PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Bros. Emmanuel, Hugh, Dorotheus, Paul, Albius, Francis de Sales, Linus, C. S. C.

DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

Bro. Basil, C. S. C., Piano, Guitar, Cornet and Flute; Bro. Leopold, C. S. C., Violin and Clarinet; Bro. Girard, C. S. C., Piano; Damis, Paul, Piano, Violin and Director of the Orchestra; Frederick J. Liscombe, Vocal Music.

PAINTING AND DRAWING.

Signor Luigi Gregori, Historical Painting; J. Ackermann, Linear and Mechanical Drawing.

Neither pains nor expense has been spared to secure the services of able, experienced and gentlemanly professors, and the authorities of the University have reason to believe that their efforts in this direction have been attended with

results particularly gratifying. It may, too, be confidently stated that there is no educational institution in the Union that affords students more time for study or better opportunity to acquire a sound and comprehensive education than Notre Dame offers. Its comparative isolation insures immunity from distractions of every kind: society throws no allurements in the way of the student to tempt him from the performance of his duties; association with depraved tastes and bad habits is necessarily avoided; the surroundings are favorable to study, and the student *must* learn,—even the common pride of wholesome emulation compels him to do so. Moreover, the course of life pursued under the salutary discipline in force can hardly fail to establish firmness of character and habits that go to form a moral, temperate, honorable and conscientious man.

There are ample accommodations for six hundred resident students at the University. The ventilation is exceptionally good. Scrupulous cleanliness prevails everywhere. The fare is abundant in quantity, varied in quality, and always wholesome. The class-rooms are large and well lighted, as are also the rooms used by the literary, debating, dramatic, and other societies.

The societies devoted more particularly to the cultivation of music and the drama have always been very popular, and many of their members have reached a higher degree of proficiency than mere amateurs are commonly expected to attain. This is largely due to the fact that they are aided and stimulated by the sedulous co-operation and encouragement of professors well qualified to give instruction in music and the drama. Then, too, there are societies specially intended to promote the interests of religion and lead to a thorough knowledge of Christian doctrine. By means of essays and debates great readiness in speaking, as well as felicity in the expression of thought, is attained by many members of these societies.

The students of the different departments are under the supervision of their respective prefects and professors; and while they enjoy all the freedom compatible with the requirements of good order, they are firmly held to an observance of the courtesies and manners recognized by gentlemen in their intercourse with one another. But there is very little occasion for the exercise of rigor in this respect, as the students come almost invariably from homes in which they have been brought up under the salutary influence of careful and proper training. They have been taught to observe the manners that distinguish upright and honorable young men; and it is an important aim of the discipline in force at Notre Dame to habituate them to such manners, and to make them in all respects thorough, accomplished and carefully educated gentlemen—gentlemen whose lives will be useful and honorable, and tend to reflect credit upon their parents, themselves and the University.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Several new class-rooms have been fitted up lately, and improvements are to be noted on all sides, particularly in the music-halls, which have been newly floored and varnished.

—Indications for the school year are most promising; the number of entrances so far is gratifying in the extreme, and, what is better still, the spirit of study is active, thus insuring a good beginning.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger paid a short visit to St. Mary's at the close of the diocesan retreat, and gave his blessing and a few words of greeting to the members of the Community assembled to bid him welcome.

—Thanks are returned to kind friends for valuable gifts to the Chapel of Our Lady of Loreto. Among the generous donors may be mentioned Mrs. W. McEvoy, New York; Mrs. P. King, Ravenna, Ohio; T. A. Hopper, Pittsburg, Pa., and Mr. H. Scheiber, Tiffin, Ohio.

—The scholastic year opened on Monday, September 8, the Feast of our Blessed Lady's Nativity, under most favorable auspices. The Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated by Very Rev. Father Corby, who delivered a timely and instructive sermon; the Catholic pupils received Holy Communion at an earlier Mass. With the smile of Heaven's approbation on the labors of the year, many blessings must surely crown 1890-'91.

—The anxiety all felt during the past few months regarding Very Rev. Father General's health has been much relieved since his return from Wisconsin. But fervent prayers to the "Health of the Sick" still ascend from grateful hearts that his restoration to health may be complete. His visit to St. Mary's, on his return from Watertown, brought pleasure indeed to his spiritual children, and he was made the recipient of many evidences of affectionate and grateful solicitude.

—The word "picnic" brings widely different thoughts to different persons; but to young people it has a charm all its own. The pupils who remained at St. Mary's during the summer are no exception to this rule; so one of vacation's "red-letter" days was that on which Mr. Shickey's "carry-all" conveyed them to St. Patrick's Farm, there to enjoy the delights of an old-fashioned picnic. The usual haps and mishaps that go to make up a day's outing were not wanting, and at the close of the day the merry party tendered themselves a vote of thanks for the success they had achieved in making their picnic one of real pleasure.

—Besides many kind friends from Notre Dame University, the following Rev. clergy honored St. Mary's by a visit during the past weeks:

Revs. J. Lang, E. Koenig, T. Byrne, Fort Wayne; Revs. F. Gordeman, A. Buchheit, J. Hueser, F. Koerdt, J. Biegert, C. Chevraux, Norwalk, Ohio; H. Van de Ven, Butte City, Mont.; L. Moench, B. Hartman, C. Lemper, J. Walter, T. Kelly, J. Quinlan, J. Guendling, J. Dinnen, F. Wiechman, H. Boeckelmann, T. Yenn, J. Hagerty, A. Siefert, C. P.P.S., K. Schill, C. P.P.S., F. McGough, C. S.S.R.; M. Campion, J. Bleckman, J. Crawley, J. Boerig, J. Book, F. Bosche, S. J., Milwaukee; F. Weinman, T. O'Sullivan, Chicago; M. Montgomery, San Francisco; E. Kelly, Dexter, Mich.; F. Conway, J. Gwynne, F. Dumont, Baltimore; T. Galligan, Park City, Utah; W. Condon, J. Coleman, Watertown; E. Lafond, C. S. C., Montreal; F. Molloy, C. S. C., Cincinnati; T. O'Reilly, Danville, Ill.; F. Bruton, Kinsman, Ill.; L. Nonnen, Portsmouth, O.; J. Boebner, Ottawa, Ohio.

The Name of Mary.

There are strains of sweetest music
That our very pulses thrill;
There are voices, once we hear them
And all other sounds are still;
There are words that touch the spirit,
Holding sway o'er heart and will.

Rarely do they steal upon us,
Strains beyond the touch of art,
Seldom do those voices greet us
That bid other sounds depart;
But they linger, once we hear them,
In the memory of the heart.

In a humble Jewish household,
In the soft autumnal glow
Of September, there was spoken,
Nineteen centuries ago,
Just one word, which through the ages
Has withstood time's ebb and flow.

And that whispered word was "Mary,"
Ah! what sweeter name could be?
Heaven and earth proclaim its beauty
In an endless jubilee!
Mary! sweeter than all music,
Mavis Stella, praise to thee!

All the strains of earthly music,
Are forgot in that sweet word;
And the voices which once thrilled us,
And our inmost spirit stirred,
Are forever hushed to silence
When sweet Mary's name is heard.

C.

The Art Department at St. Mary's.

The editor of the *Catholic Review*, commenting, in a late number of that excellent periodical, on the sentiments embodied in the able address delivered at the Commencement exercises of June last, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, pays a

high tribute to the Sisters of the Holy Cross, when he says: "They have been distinguished, from the foundation of their society, for thorough comprehension of the education needs of American Catholic women." After dwelling on the means adopted by the Sisters to gain the end in view, namely, the formation of a system which would, while cultivating the mental powers, develop all the nobler faculties of heart and soul, he speaks of the opportunities afforded in the pursuit of branches outside the regular course of studies, and mentions particularly the establishment of a high and sincere standard of art study. To keep up this high standard has been the aim at St. Mary's; and ever since the opening of St. Luke's Studio, has every means been taken to insure a thorough course of instruction in all that pertains to true art.

Two large, well-lighted, thoroughly equipped rooms are devoted to this branch, and every appliance that may further the progress of the pupils is brought into requisition. Perspective, anatomy, drawing from nature, from the flat, from the antique, from costumed models, oil and water-color painting are comprised in the regular course, and every step is marked with a precision that makes firm the structure of artistic training.

The surroundings of St. Mary's, attractive beyond description to lovers of the picturesque, are eminently fitted to develop a love for the true and the beautiful, and art pupils unconsciously form a correct and delicate taste founded on principles.

This age has been called one of opportunities, and while this holds true of all the departments at St. Mary's, especially is it the case in St. Luke's Studio. There the student, whether she makes use of the pencil, by which the subtlest details of any subject may be brought out, or whether, as in portraiture or drawings on a large scale, which require breadth of treatment, she uses the crayon, whether she represents a delicate marine view in water-colors, or a rich landscape in oil—it all steps is imparted to her a broad æsthetic culture which leads to a proper appreciation of art.

A close study of the old masters is one of the special advantages held out to St. Mary's pupils, for the studio possesses a set of the Arundel chromo-lithographs, illustrative of the different schools of painting. The Arundel Society, with headquarters in London, has, since its foundation in 1848, labored conscientiously in the fulfilment of its object, namely, the promotion of the knowledge of art. In order to accomplish this end, copies of the great works executed

during the Middle Ages, are regularly made and distributed among subscribers to the association. At first the copies issued were after the earlier masters; but as the knowledge of the olden schools increased, owing partly to the society's publications, a wider range was given to the subjects selected. Of course, any mechanical process, however perfect, must be inadequate to reproduce the wonderful effects in color, tint and tone which characterize the work of the painters of olden times; but by no other method except hand-painting could the colors be in any way expressed. Besides chromo-lithography, the society has had recourse to copper-plate engraving, wood-cutting and heliogravure in the production of the various publications. Among the Arundel copies are the following: "St. Peter and St. John healing the cripple," by Masolino from a fresco in the Brancacci chapel, Florence; Raphael is represented by "The Poets of Mt. Parnassus" and "Philosophy," both from frescoes on the ceiling of the Vatican; Fra Angelico has given us "The Crucifixion," "The Transfiguration," and "The Marys at the Sepulchre"; "Jesus and His Disciples at Emmaus" is from a fresco by Fra Bartolomeo, in the Annunziata Convent, Florence; the others, to the number of nearly a hundred, include copies from the works of Luini, Masaccio, Filippino Lippi, Andrea del Sarto, Benozzi Gozzoli, Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, Perugino, Domenico Ghirlandajo, Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Giorgione, Titian, Razzi, Van Eyck, Hans Memling, Albert Dürer, Holbein and Meister Wilhelm. In connection with the Studio is an art Library, in which are to be found such writers as Vasari, G. H. Boughton, Overbeck, A. G. Radcliffe, Hancock, Fromentin, Haver-ton, Sir Charles Eastlake, Ruskin and Mrs. Jameson.

The art exhibit in June, the work of the pupils, is always of special interest to visitors, and calls forth warm commendation; but what is of more moment to those connected with this department, the standard is strictly maintained, and every year this principle finds deeper root in the minds of the students "art is only true art when art is true to God."

